

# **Mother Unaware**

## **By Shirley M. Haws**

Where are you going, dear Abraham,  
What are you going to do?  
Are you taking Isaac, dear Abraham,  
Does the Lord have need of him too?

You're taking dry wood for an offering.  
Is that why you're going away?  
You're taking so many provisions with you,  
Will you be gone for more than a day?

Don't be angry, my Abraham,  
I'm sorry I questioned you so  
Of course I trust you, my Abraham,  
I don't mind if you go.

I'll pack some food for your trip, my dear,  
And a few things for Isaac too.  
The reason I love him so much, my dear,  
Is because he reminds me of you.

Why are you crying, dear Abraham;  
When the Lord has blessed us so greatly,  
You do whatever he's asked you to do,  
He's expected so little from us lately.

Put a smile on your face, my dear,  
However long you may roam.  
I'll be waiting right here, my dear,  
For my two men to come home.